Select and choice

POEMS

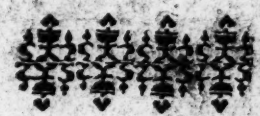
Collected out of the

LABOURS

OF

GEORGE WHARTON ESQUIRE.

Compoſed upon ſeverall occaſions, during the late unnaturall Wars, between the King and the *RUMP Parliament.*



LONDON:
Printed for *Thomas Vere*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the *Angell* without *Newgate.* 1661.

Ætatis suæ 46.

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ERRATA.

PAge 1. line 8. for *Comptroller of*, read *Paymaſter to*, p. 4. l. 20. for *that* read *cauſe*. p. 5. l. 24. dele *do*, ibid. l. 25. for *his* read *the*, p. 24. l. 18. for *as* read *that*, p. 25. l. 1. for *diſpatch* read *diſperſe*, p. 38. l. 16, 17. read *thus*. *Lake* was Tapiter, and *Mills* the Brewer to him, at what time the Author was Priſoner in *Windſor Caſtle*, p. 42. l. 6. for *Etymon* read *Etymons*.

The Stationer to the Reader.

THIS an unneceſſary Ceremony to complement your acceptance of this Piece by an Epiſtle, while the Author ſtands by, whoſe honeſt, loyal, and learned Look, may command it; for it is the ſame Aſpect that out-ſtared the Effrontery *of the late prodigious Meteors of* State, *and aſſerted Heavens Juſtice in the benign and glorious Regreſs of* Charles *his Wain. This Age therefore may not be ſo injurious to him, as to forget or neglect (with the old* Archives *of theſe his Almanacks) theſe noble Monuments, Theſe Pieces * & Parcels of Loyalty, which like ſparks of*

* ἀποσπασμάτια.

of Diamonds ſhone ſo brightly in our horrid dark Confuſions.

What therefore you had formerly from this great Luminary of his Science in diſperſed, refracted Rays, weakned and chill'd by the malign Interpoſition of uſurped Powers, you have here in collected Beams, by the advantage of theſe ſerene times reflected to the warming & enlivening our future Allegiance. Theſe Soverain Preſcriptions or Predictions, were ſeverally applyed to the inveterate rich Diſeaſes of Sacrilege, Regicide, &c. which we now venter & commend to your favor, not intereſsing your judgements, for they have the Divine Probatum.

Theſe fulfilled Oracles in his Majeſty, and the uncompliſht Imprecations on his Enemies, are the Joy and Prayers of R. P.

The continued Loyalty of (that eminent Sufferer for the *Good Old Cauſe* of his Majeſty)

Captain GEORGE WHARTON.

FRom the year 1642, untill the ſurrender of *Oxford*, this Loyal-minded Perſon was actually in the Service of his late Royal Majeſty of glorious Memory: being ſometimes Comptroller of his Majeſties Train of Artillery, and Captain of a Troop of Horſe, which he raiſed at his own coſts and charges. And then, there being nothing more to be done (the unhappy Wars now brought to a period) he came to *London* upon the benefit of the *Oxford*-Articles; where long he had not been, but he was neceſſitated to drink deep of the Cup of ſorrow, providence had provided for the Royal Party; *being* (as himſelf in *Hemer.* 1651. ſaith) *conſtantly at the pleaſure of the then power, ſubject to be turn'd out of Town, to graze upon the Common, clap't up in Priſon to ſtudy the generation of Nits and Lice; or neceſſitated to ſuch a Helliſh kind of living, as nothing but Bats and Owls and Cavaliers could poſſibly endure.* And he (as having more enemies, and thoſe more miſchievous then many other Perſons of that Party) was more narrowly

 ſearcht

ſearcht after; and at the laſt, *viz.* in 1648. (by ill fortune) diſcovered; and when once in hold, the famous Jayls of *Newgate, the Gatehouſe, and Windſour-Caſtle*, began to be as commonly known to him, as if a Priſon had been all the Portion he (in this world) could probably expect. However, once it was his good hap to eſcape; and being at liberty, he writ his *Bellum Hibernicale, Merlini Anglici Errata*, &c. wherein he roundly and fearleſly corrected the errors of ſome that were the Parliaments hirelings to abuſe the King and his Party, under pretence of Aſtrology: But Liberty being a thing too precious for him long to enjoy, in thoſe cloudy and Tyrannical times, he was at length retaken: and for ten or twelve yeers together, was ſeldom half a year from being under reſtraint, until this time *of the happy Reſtoration of his glorious Majeſty King CHARLS the Second, unto his three Kingdoms of* England, Scotland *and* Ireland.

But notwithſtanding his conſtant ſufferings, and their frequent impriſoning of his body, his more noble part was always free: and, as he had opportunity, he did ſignifie to the world his Loyal affections to His Sacred Majeſty and his Cauſe, in ſeveral Books of his, which (that the world may ſee, there have been ſome men like ſturdy Oaks, that could never be ſhaken or brib'd to perjury) I ſhall (with other curious pieces of his wit) preſent unto the Reader. That the lively Copy of a truly Loyal ſubject may not be buryed in Oblivion, but be brought to light afreſh, for the encouragement of others to perſevere according to Allegiance, in Loyalty, Duty and Obedience.

In

IN his Loyal Almanack for 1650. being the next opportunity of the Preſs he had, after the Bloody Murther of His ſacred Majeſty of bleſſed memory, Charles *the Firſt; he hath theſe ſeveral ſignal ſparks of Loyalty following.*

1. He begins---with —— *Liber Lectori.*

Touch me not, Traytor! For I have a Sting
For all, but ſuch as love and ſerve the King.
I am no Temporiſt: Nor can I brooke
The Pocket of a *Bradſhaw* (a), *Steel*, or *Cooke*;
Or any Regicide that liveth: I
Diſdain all Harbours of Diſloyalty.
VRANIA is Divine! and (to be clear)
I ſerve no Mortal, but the *CAVALIER.*
If then thou be'ſt not one, pray let me lie,
Until thou canſt affect, as well as buy.

(a) Bradſhaw *the bold Villaine that ſentenced His late ſacred Majeſty to Death.* Steel, *one appointed to draw up the Charge againſt him, but by reaſon of ſickneſs was abſent.* Cooke, *the Villaine that ſollicited the whole Villainy, and prayed the pretended Court to murther his Soveraign.*

2. *Under the Table of Kings, &c. having placed therein K.* Charles *the Second, he writes* ——

Let ſuch as *Booker* cringe unto a State,
And leave a Blank where I have rank'd a King;
'Tis far below my Quill to calculate
The ſpurious birth of that prodigious thing.
For maugre all its Acts, and damned Art,
Still *Charles the Second*'s Monarch of my Heart.

3. *Under the Table of Terms*, &c.

Thus ſhould the Terms begin and end, if we
Were not controll'd by Traytors Tyranny:
But ſince they may adjourn, or vote them down,
My Rule's not certain, whilſt they rule the Town.

4. *In* January *(having put the Decollation of His Royal Majeſty, and the Arch-Biſhop of* Canterbury: *in Red Letters, that the Cruelty of thoſe Actions might more eminently appear) he writes--*

Behold thoſe Crimſon Veins! *England*, lament!
Nay, curſe the Authors of thy Diſmal Fate:
But doat no longer on a Parliament,
Nor be ambitious to be hight a State:
Since in this Month thoſe Tyrants hewed down,
In *Laud*, the Mitre; in bleſt *Charles*, the Crown.

5. In *February*.

Lo here again two Martyrs on a tree
[*Burleigh* and (*a*) *Beaumont*] baſely put to death;
That, for attemping's Soveraign to free:
This, that he would not (Saintlike) break his faith:
Look to it *Wild*, and *Lambert*! there's a ſeaſon
Heav'n will revenge this blood, reward your treaſon.

(a) *Thoſe two worthy perſons were murthered in the month* February, *though in different years*, viz. 1. 1647. *the* 2. 1648.

6. In

6. In *March.*

Yet, yet, the thirſty Saints howle out for blood;
Brave *(b) Capel! Cambridge, Holland,* all muſt die;
The firſt, 'cauſe he for's King and Country ſtood;
They, 'cauſe they would, and yet would not comp'ly.
——! They found thy mercy and fair-quarter
Flat cruelty — But *Capel* is the Martyr.

(b) *Thoſe* 3 *worthies were for their Loyalty murthered,* March 9. 1648.

7. In *April.*

The lofty Saints, their proweſs now to ſhow,
And make their fame float with the ſpreading main;
Vouchſafe this month, to let great *London* know,
They durſt encounter boyes as well as men.
For lyon-like *(c)* th'apprentices they ſlay,
But what cannot reſiſt, is Aſſes prey.

(c) April 9. 1648. *there were ſeveral Apprentices,* &c. *kill'd in the ſtreets.*

8. In *May.*

Now wiſe and noble (d) *Strafford,* (e) *Yeomans, Bow-*
And (f) *Kemiſh* (in cold blood) reſign to fate: *(cher,*
The *Surrey* ſuppliants too, they baſely Butcher,
As trivial objects of their rage and hate.
Their blood cries ſtill aloud: may it do ſo,
Till Hea'vn avenge it on his barb'rous foe.

(d) *The E. of* Strafford *was beheaded,* May 12. 1641. *(e) Mr.* Yeomans *and Mr.* Bowcher *put to death* May 30. *at* Briſtol 1643. (f) *Sir* Nich. Kemiſh *put to death at* Chepſtow, May 25. 1648.

9. In *June.*

The Loyal *(g)* Kentiſhmen are Murdred next,
They would petition for, and have a KING:
What diſobedient things were they, that vext,
And ſo diſtu b'd t e States new-modelling?
Petitioning's the birth-right of the Saints;
They muſt be heard, but will hear no complaints.

(a) June . . 648. *Th' Kent ſhmen murdered for preſuming ſo much as to petition for a* KING.

10. In *July.*

So *Tomkins*, *(h)* *Challoner*, and that brave ſoul!
[*Francis* Lord *(i)* *Villiers*] in this month expir'd.
The cau e the Kings: A crime moſt deadly foul,
'Gainſt thoſe pure creatures, which the Crown aſpir'd;
Nor do thoſe Saints diſtinguiſh cruelty:
'Tis Juſtice (right or wrong) how e'er we dy.

(h) *Mr.* Tompkins *and Mr.* Challoner *put to death at* London, July 4. 1643. (i) Francis *Lord* Villiers *ſlain at* Kingſton, July *the* 7. 1648.

11. In *Auguſt.*

Who loves true worth, and grutcheth it to pay,
A tear for valiant *Lucas*, and ſtout *Liſle*?
Or why behoves it not, that------pray
Their blood may not ſubmerge this ſinful Iſle?
His Mercy's murder; honour, breach of truſt:
Good God reward him as he's baſe, thou Juſt!

1648. Auguſt. 8. *Sir* Charles Lucas *and Sir* George Liſle *ſhot to death at* Colcheſter, *after quarter given.*

12. In

12. In *September.*

The laſt of Treaties in this month begun,
And promis'd fair, untill the men of War,
Dreading a peace, ſurpriz'd our Riſing-Sun,
And dragg'd him to th'illegal new-found Bar
Of bondage. The next treaty they ſhall ſee
Will be through halters at the Gallow-tree.

Auguſt 18. 1648. *The treaty in th'Iſle of Wight began.*

13. In *October.*

What blood was ſhed at *Baſing*, after they
Had ſpent their fury, with their pois'nous breath:
And wanted ſtrength unto their wills to ſlay,
But promis'd quarter! let the harmleſs earth
It fell on, witneſs! may it ne'er forſake
That tincture, untill Heav'n enquiry make.

Baſing *houſe taken by ſtorm; and after quarter was promiſed many were murdered,* October. 14 1645.

14. In *November.*

Next, *Kniveton*'s life their rage muſt ſatisfie,
For meer obedience to his Soveraigns will:
Who ſent him meſſenger; yet like a Spie,
They take, adjudge him, and his blood they ſpill.
Did ever *Turks*, or *Pagans* violate
The Law of Nations, like this lawleſs State?

Mr. Dan. Kniveton *put to death for his loyalty, on* Nov. 27. 1643. *at* London.

15. In *December.*

Stout (k) *Pitcher's* murder'd. *Carew*, who did praiſe
A ſervants treachery unto his King:
Lo'! for reward his ſervant him betrays
Unto the block, a bloody-offering.
What grief it was, that when he did return,
It could not be, but by a ſhameful urne!

(k) *Major* Pitcher *ſhot to death in S:.* Pauls *Church-yard for being loyal*, Decem. 29. 1648. *Sir* Alex. Carew *beheaded* Decem. 23. 1644. *for the ſame crime.*

And for a Concluſion to this Heroick Piece of Loyalty, he writ the following Epiſtle by way of Poſt-ſcript.

To the High and Mighty, the Tyrants Triumphant at *Weſtminſter.*

Gentlemen

I Cannot call you, ſince you drench'd your Hands in His Blood, who was the Fountain of all our earthly Honour, and Happineſs, the Life and Light of the Land. (*Hoc ſcelus Abyſſus, & ex Abyſſu natum.*) Nor *Country-men*, who have (ſo *Nero*-like) inhumanely ripp'd up the Bowels of your Natural Mother, and expoſed her Nakedneſs to the view of the pitileſs-world. (*Si hi Sancti, qui Scythæ? Si hi Chriſtiani, qui Cannibales?*) For certainly none of you are of the right Engliſh race, in that all of you degenerate ſo far from the true Engliſh Nature.

Facta

Facta hæc Anglia olim, nec Sancta, nec Ethnica novit.

Or if you be; the moſt prodigious Monſters that ever the Earth groaned under: in whoſe proditorious breaſts, the Spirits of all expired Traytors, by a kind of Pythagorical Tranſmigration, are encloſed. ---Let after-ages impoſe a name ſuitable to your merits, for ſurely this cannot. In the interim, it ſhall ſuffice me: you know whom I ſpeak to; and that I ſpeak what I know.

From year to year I have fore-warned you of judgements threatned and impending, for your horrible impieties. And though I had been ſilent, yet methinks the general fate of all Rebellions (eſpecially ſuch as this is) that ſums up all *Items*, in this Total [*The Barbarous Murder of Gods Anoynted!*] had been enough to inform what you might truſt to; but that 'tis too apparent we are wheel'd about to thoſe times, wherein Sacriledge is counted Reformation; Rebellion, Devotion; Murther, Juſtice: and Traytors conſecrated Saints and Martyrs.

——— *Vis proditoria nomine vocatur Novo,*
Angligina Virtus.

I have cordially wiſh'd, and ſeriouſly begg'd, you would have returned to your priſtine Obedience: as the ſureſt ſtep, to make your ſelves, your children, and all of us happy. But I found your conſciences were ſear'd, your ſoules flatter'd with ambitions dreams; and charms of heightned pride had mounted you, *Icarus*-like, too near the Sun: which ever goeth before deſtruction.

And indeed, you have not bin more *Turk-like* tempted with ſucceſs in your Actions (from which you ſtill concluded

cluded, though very weakly, that GOD owned your Cauſe) then Heaven hath been merciful (I may ſay) in tempting you with ſo large a time of Repentance. But ſithence you have deſpiſed the Mercy, and neglected the Opportunity; it is to be feared, the Mercy, and time of the Mercy, are both forfeited.

For, I will not ſearch into the ſecret Will of God: ſo far as 'tis manifeſted either in his Word, or Works, ſhall ſatisfie me: and by their Rules (if I underſtand either) your Commonwealth, together with your ſelves, are (even now) falling to nothing. This I write in Charity to you, to the end, that (although you have no hopes to eſcape a Temporal, yet) your endeavours may be to avoid the Eternal puniſhment due to your wickedneſs: And that's as much as can be deſired, or pray'd for, by,

SIRS,

The Admirer of your Treaſon and Tyranny,

George Wharton.

For the writing of this Almanack he ſuffered exceedingly; and was, by impriſonment, made incapable of every thing that might probably aſſiſt him through his earthly Pilgrimage: and was now ſo cloſely looked after, that he durſt not write again; neither could he be permitted

ted that Liberty, until it pleaſed God to put it into the mindes of his Adverſaries, to releaſe him upon promiſe to live quietly. And then in his Almanack 1651. for his Peaceable living, he moſt ingenuouſly Apologizeth thus:

To you ſowre Criticks, that By-ſtanders are,
Viewing the Gameſters, (playing foul or fair)
And by the ſtroaks of your defining Will,
Save whom you fancy; thoſe you do not, kill:
To you, grave Chair-men (whoſe attentive ear
Hears all you can, believes all true you hear,
And think the Roy'liſts cannot real be,
Until a Rope conclude their Deſtinie)
Send I theſe Lines: To let you underſtand,
I live as well b' Example, as Command:
And that, whate'er you judge herein amiſs,
Conformable to your own Practice is.
The Prelates quit their Sleeves of Lawn, and all
The Hierarchy their Coats Canonical,
And live diſguis'd, as if they were none ſuch,
That e'er laid claim to Tythes, or Chriſtian-Church.
Why may not I as well diſguiſed be,
As they, or rather their Divinity?
The high-born Houſe of Lords * themſelves, ſubmit
Their Perſons, Honours, Magazines of Wit:
Sure I (who am but duſt and aſhes) then,
May do as much as thoſe Almighty-Men.

* *Some Lords, after their Houſe was voted uſeleſs, very contentedly turn Commoners.*

The new-conforming Garter-Knight, that erſt
Hung's Watchet Ribbon o'er his amorous breſt,

Thinks

Thinks it far better (now the King is dead)
To lay't aſide, then lay aſide his head.
Why may not I ſome crimſon Lines leave out,
To ſave my ankles from the Priſon-gout?
The ſubtile Lawyer holds it not amiſs
He paraphraſe on Ambiguities;
And (though he ſcarce the Latine underſtand)
To write CUSTODES in a texted-hand.
Why might not I (though not for dirty gain)
Write as he writes? Will ſuch Ink ever ſtain?
——, when he found the Presbyters decay,
Streight leaves his ſcribling-humour, to obey.
What if from ſcribling (too) *I* deign to ceaſe?
Do *I* ought more then all that live in Peace?
Nay, *Lilburn* (that prodigious Combatant)
Held it not ſafe perpetually to rant:
For he (once quitted from the dreadful Rope)
Waves *Magna Charta*, falls a boyling ſoap.
I've ſcap't the Halter twice, as well as he:
What if *I* now reſolve to live as free?
Compounders (ſome) not onely Pay, but Swear;
Might *I* not Promiſe that *I* would forbear?
The brave ſecluded Member, that needs muſt
Revile the Army, doom the State to duſt,
Obſerve him but, (now he is all to bits)
How penitent, how patiently he ſits!
The parboyl'd-Citizen, who ne'er would do
Scarce what an Ord'nance did enjoyn him to;
See how obſequiouſly he trots about,
To finde both Old and New-Malignants out!
The Wary-High-Shooe, who ſo idoliz'd
The Covenant, that equally he priz'd
It with his Bible; Lo, but how he bows
Before th'Engagement, to ſecure his Cows!

Now

Now (*Zoilus*) tell me, whether 'tis more fit
I ſacrifice my folly, or ſubmit?
Theſe times afford few Martyrs, and thoſe few
Scant would be Martyrs, if they could eſchew.
The Clergy heretofore ate all the Cake,
They ſtill uſurp'd the glory of the Stake;
And ſhould (methinks) if all be true they ſay,
Lead us as well to ſuffer, as to pray.
But now (alas!) their Zeal's congeal'd to Ice,
Obedience they prefer to Sacrifice;
And want not Scripture-texts more then enough,
Which warrant them to thraſh as well as plough.
Had *FOX* but writ his Volumes in this Age,
His Book of Martyrs had not fill'd a Page:
England (I fear) would ſcarce have ſpar'd him one
Old *Latimer*, to make a Martyr on.
Indeed they tell's what New *Jeruſalem*'s,
And how 'tis pav'd with Pearls, and precious Gems;
Blaming us much, we freely leave not this
Courſe Clay, for a Cœleſtial Paradiſe.
Yet when a doughty Prieſts unhallow'd Gums
Suſtain one rotten Tooths-ach, how he fumes
And froths! and if a Feaver do but ſtrike him,
What Peaſant powts, and pants, or pineth like him!
O for a Doctor then! Bridle the Horſe,
And haſte the Clerk away-----He's worſe and worſe!
Alas! the Doctor comes not! O, quoth he,
Would God reſtore me but, then he ſhould ſee----
But what? Be ſure no minde he has to Death,
The Parſon's heart's faſt chained to the Earth:
He bleſſes *Heav'n* for's laſt nights *Requiem*,
But has no thoughts of *New Jeruſalem*.
Miſtake me not: For I include not here,
The Reverend Doctors of the Holy-Chair;

Nor

Nor yet the meaneſt of that Sacred-Quire,
Whoſe Service at the Altar is entire:
To them I bow, and willingly make their's,
The tythe (at leaſt) of all my dayly Pray'rs.
No, I intend the thred-bare Motley-Coat,
Which makes the Pulpit, but a Juglers-throat,
And can from thence (t'enfatuate Mankinde)
Diſgorge both fire and water at a winde;
Yet (were it to preſerve the World) not dye
Ought but his Stockings, prate he ne'er ſo high.
I ſay, 'tis him I mean; for he I look
Will be the looſe-Surveyor of my Book.
" Deal gently (good Sir-*John*) and do not quack,
" Live elſe the Subject of mine Almanack.

In Hemeroſc. 1652. *this Learned and Loyal Perſon wrote theſe ſeveral witty Verſes following.*

1. *Under the Table of Kings.*

When *Romes* perverſe and giddy Multitude
Diſſolv'd (in *Tarquin*) their Great Monarchy;
To doom the Act UNNATURAL and RUDE,
('Tis ſaid) *A Serpent Barked:* But when We
Diſſolved Ours, (ſo were they overcome (dumb.
With Pannique fear!) both Men and Beaſts were

2. *Under his Moveable-Feaſts.*

Thoſe Feaſts were once held ſacred amongſt Men:
Old Folks may live to ſee them ſo agen.

3. *Un-*

3. *Under the Table of Terms.*

The Law is good, and needs no Reformation;
It takes no Bribes, nor ſleeps a long Vacation:
Delays no Suits, diſdains not to imbrace
A *John-an-Oaks*, or *John-a-Styles* his Caſe:
Yet, ſince the Pilots's dead *, and ſtorms do threat,
(Rocks being near) the Wreck muſt needs be great.

* *Meaning* King CHARLES the Firſt, *our late Dread Soveraign.*

4. In *February.*

Mars throws his Knapſack by, and ſtoutly draws
His truſty Bilbo, to preſcribe us Laws.
Jove, claims his Priviledge; and *Mars*, his Pow'r:
Both wrangle * hard, and each on other lowre.
At length *Jove* yeilds, and *Mars* aſſumes the Chair,
Votes his own Perſon Noble; Doings, Fair.

* Mars *this Month, being in* Aries, *caſt a* Quartile *to* Jupiter *in* Capricorn.

5. In *May.*

A Zealous Month (or ſo it doth appear)
Compoſed all of love, and Bottle-beer:
But whilſt the * Shepherd's abſent, or aſleep,
The ravenous Wolves devoure the ſilly ſheep:
London! beware of Fire, and Beaſts of prey,
And ſomething elſe; But what, I will not ſay.

* *Meaning our now Gracious and Dread Soveraign Lord, King* Charles *the Second.*

6. In

6. In *October.*

Swords now grow dull, and Heads are gravely toſt,
To balance what is gain'd with what is loſt:
To find out how and where the danger lies,
To eſtimate old ſtores, with new ſupplies:
W'are now at leiſure to attend the knocks
Of Sir *John Levite*, in his Jugling-Box.

7. *In November.*

What loud Diſſention's this we ſoftly hear
And dread, 'twixt *Saturn* and his Councellor?
Who's that gives back? What Jovial Fools are they
Muſt needs command, before they can obey?
"Divide and rule, is *Machiavils*: Take heed!
"For though he dy'd long ſince, here's yet his ſeed.

This moneth there was a Trine of the Planets Saturn *and* Mercury, *from* Cancer *and* Scorpio.

8. *In December.*

The firſt Eclipſe *, next moneth doth take effect,
And *Jove* (o) and *Mars* move now in dire Aſpect:
Whence the malicious Changling-Brotherhood
Of ſniveling Mock-Prieſts, that cry'd out for Blood,
Shall ſurely feel (though yet they will not ſee)
The full-grown-fruits of their Apoſtacy.

* *Meaning the Eclipſe of the Moon, that happened in* Libra *on* March *the fifteenth day, this year.*
(o) Jove *and* Mars *this moneth were in* Quartile *Aſpect.*

In

In Hemeroſc. 1653. *this worthy Artiſt wrote theſe ſeveral Verſes following.*

1. *Of the Vulgar Accounts, Notes and Feſtivals.*

The Chriſtians of the Eaſt and Greek Church, do number

	Years.
From the Creation unto this preſent year	7161
The Jews, Hebrews, and latter Rabbines	5413
Ergo, they differ in their Computation	1748

Heavens direct us! what a Difference here's,
[Full ſeventeen hundred forty twice four years:]
Whoſe Reck'ning ſhall we truſt? or ſhall we wait,
Till ſome New-Prophet riſe, and calculate
The year? [That year which Saints in Heav'n not ſcan,
Yet needs muſt be confin'd by prying-Man!]
But if nor Jews, nor Chriſtians can it find,
If *Plato* ſaw not, ſurely they are blind.

The Chriſtian *Abyſſines* and *Egyptians*, from the *Dioclefian Æra*, or that of Martyrs, 1369

Thus rots that Tyrant: And may all the ſame,
Who act like Cruelty, yet hate the Name.

The *Saracens* and *Turks* from *Hegira*, or the flight of their Prophet *Mahomet*. 1063

The *Turks* are very holy in their way;
They preach, give Alms, and moſt devoutly pray;

And live in hope: Our *Zelots* do no more,
Unleſs to over-do, and ne'er give o'er.
Had we been born in *Turkie*, we ſhould ſet
As great a rate on Raſcal-*Mahomet*,
As *Turks* themſelves: If they in *England*, then
We had been all alike [Good Chriſtian-Men.]
" 'Tis Birth and Education, which doth make
" Religion: that which ſeals it, is, the ſtake.

The Aſtronomers from *Nabonaſſarus* (of Egyptian years, conſiſting each of 365 days) 2401.

They (of all others) can account the beſt,
Yet are accounted of, but like the reſt:
The ſnarling Prieſt (who Numbers never knew,
More then to tythe his Pigs, or whence they grew;
But like the *Alewife*, chalks behinde the door,
And ſets even Chriſt and *Moſes* on the ſcore)
Gains more belief in ſtriving how to bribe
Our Reaſon, then do all that learned Tribe.
But know (fond Men) the Bible was not writ
For you to draw Chronologies from it:
To prop up faction, warrant Breach of Laws,
Abſolve from Oaths, and chain us to your Cauſe;
To teach Men Trades, or Sciences, or Arts:
'Twas made to rectifie and ſteer our Hearts.
" Wretched thoſe ſouls, who thus (by you) are fed
" With Tares and Husks, inſtead of heav'nly Bread.

From the Death of *Alexander* the Great, 1976

He who conquered all the ſpacious earth,
Was conquered himſelf for want of breath:

He

He that (whilſt living) could endure no bound,
Reſts now contented with ſix foot of ground.
" His Birth, his Valour, his Exploits and Glory,
" All tumbled in a heap of Doubtful Story.
Even ſo at length (Great * Conqu'rours) ſhall you be
O'er-come, confin'd, as cloſe, as low as he.
Ten thouſand Armies ſtrength will not defend:
Your Conqueſts, and your ſelves muſt have *An End*,
Nor can they yeild you comfort when you die,
Be'ng nothing but a ſplendid Robbery.

* *This was purely Prophetical, and is now moſt happily verified.*

Since the *Julian* Inſtitution, 1698
Since the *Gregorian* Emendation, 71

Our State have been reforming twelve long years,
The Church, Court, Country, City, (Hair and Ears:)
Should they the Engliſh Kalendar omit,
'Twill be forgot when they begun to ſit:
Ages to come, who thirſt to celebrate
Their famous Deeds, ſhall find them without date;
And know no more when *CHARLES* or *Strafford* dy'd,
Then ſome, When Chriſt was born, or crucifi'd.
Perhaps miſtake the Perſons with the Times,
Finding ſo like, their Suff'rings, and their Crimes.

2. *Under the Feaſts and Faſts.*

VVhat Changlings were the Presbyterian-Crew,
VVho pull'd old Croſſes down, to ſet up new!
And burnt Chriſts Picture, whilſt they did embrace
Thoſe Antique Draughts of *Calamy* and *Caſe*:

That durſt adventure on ſuch dangerous ſhelves,
As to un-Saint th'Evangeliſts themſelves:
And leave us not a Feſtival, beſide
VVhat they ſo called, and had ſanctifi'd.
But Heav'n is juſt: For, lo! they're forc'd to bow;
The Synod's down, and ſtinking-Elders too:
" Onely they bark at Moon-ſhine, now and then,
" To witneſs they are Dogs more like, then Men.

3. *Under the Kings*, &c.

I've ſaid y' are Gods: Who dare you Tyrants call,
Since (Good or Bad) y' are his Vice-gerents all?
But you ſhall die like Men: This, I allow;
For Men muſt die: ſo did our Saviour too.
" VVhen once the Rulers, Prieſts, and People cry,
" *Away with him, Pilate* muſt crucifie.

4. *Under the Table of Terms.*

Lawyers prefer the ſharpeſt Laws, as beſt
To keep a Commonwealth in Peace and Reſt:
If ſo, why ſhould thoſe Gown-men Frown and Puff,
To ſee the Courts of Juſtice lin'd with Buff?
" No Plea ere moved as a Sword can do;
" For that o'er-ruleth Judge and Jury too.

5. *In January.*

VVelcome, ye pregnant times! whilſt you ſhall be
As croſs to ſome, as they were curs'd to me:
Welcome,

VVelcome, prodigious Births! wherein appear
No fewer Monſters, then are days i'th' year:
Thrice welcome are ye! For y'are none of mine:
A Poets iſſue, is, A Princely Line.

6. In February.

Diſturbed Heav'ns produce diſturbed Fates;
Confuſed Councils, more confuſed States.
A Quarter-witted Clergy half undone,
Their Grand Impoſtures, clear, as is the Sun:
Whence Giddy * Zealots take the Craft in hand,
And breath a holy-madneſs through the Land.

* *We have had Preachers of all ſorts and ſizes in this age of Liberty and Licentiouſneſs.*

7. In the moneth May.

VVhither an Army now? VVell! I could ſay
VVho 'tis will get, or who ſhall looſe the day:
Thraſillus-like inform you, who ſhall prove
Victorious in's Ambition, who in's Love:
But I am ſilent; Nay, I muſt be dumb;
'Tis TREASON now to pray, *Thy Kingdom come.*

8. In November.

The Nation mourns becauſe of monſtrous Oaths:
Her ſcarlet ſins, cauſe want of Bread and Cloathes:
Diſeaſes rage, and ſtrongly multiply;
Our New-Republick's ſick, and like to die.

London bewailes, beſhrews her lewd pretence,
Of begging for a Poſture of Defence.

9. *Where ſpeaking of the Mutations of Empires, Kingdoms and Commonwealths, he pithily concludes.*——

Thus Changes come, thus Changes will enſue,
(Till theſe corrupted bodies change for new,
And put on incorruption) Men and Things,
VVhole Countries, Cities, Beggars, Princes, Kings:
He who but lately wore a Crown of Gold,
Crown'd now with thorns, exil'd, or baſely ſold:
He clad in rags, and fed with ſcraps before;
Now, thron'd in's ſtead, and ſurfeiting with ſtore:
A glorious Church and Kingdom, but to day;
To morrow, both the VVolf and Foxes Prey.
The Learned Lawyer, Orthodox Divine,
Once high eſteem'd, now rank'd with filthy ſwine:
The Hoſpitable Lord erſt fed the Poor,
And cloath'd the naked, nak'd turn'd out of door;
His ſorrowing VVife, and helpleſs Children gone
To try their Friends, perhaps be frowned on;
And he in's hoary-age Petition, bare,
Thoſe that his Grooms (at beſt) but lately were:
The Fool in's Coat, the VViſe-man in his Chair.
Th' Indulgent Father, and the Hopeful Heir;
The griping Landlord, and the greedy Clown,
The glittering Tiſſue, and the gray-friz'd Gown;
The Roſy-Cheeke, and the unfurrowed Brow,
The Freckled VVainſcot-Face, that milks the Cow;
The Flowry Bride (girt with chaſte thoughts about)
VVill all once changed be; their Lamps muſt out:

Nay,

Nay, Heav'n it ſelf grows old, and will away:
It had a Birth, and ſhall a dying day.
All, all to change and diſſolution tend;
Poor Almanacks, ev'n they, muſt have an end.

In Hemeroſ. 1654. *this ingenious Perſon wrote theſe following Heroick Verſes.*

1. *Of the Feaſts,* &c.

Go ring the Bells, let Prieſts and People pray;
I know no Treaſon in a Holy-Day.

2. *Over the Table of Kings,* &c.

Here ſtands the Regal Table, till it be
Convict and Baniſh'd for Malignancy.

Under the Kings.

Call me no more Malignant, ſince the Tearm
Hath *Hydra's* Head; I *Hercules* his Arm:
And (though no God, nor worſhipped at *Tyre*)
Remember yet great *Jupiter's* my Sire.
Let States and Kingdoms whirle; mine ſhall not fall,
Except (when time is done) this Globe and all.
So Wolf and Lamb ſalute! the firſt for blood,
The ſecond to be offer'd for our good.

3. *Over the Terms.*

Thus may the Terms begin, thus may they end:
As yet we know not what we do intend.

Under the Terms.

Friends! ſend your Sons no more to th' Inns of Court,
But breed them Souldiers, Men of loud Report:
So need they fear no rude Return of words
Or Writs, nor yet Exception 'gainſt their Swords:
So ſhall their Terms be never out of Date,
Nor liable to change, but with the State:
So may they chuſe the trade moſt profit brings,
Set up or Lawyers, Prieſts, or Petit Kings.

4. *In January.*

Now *CHARLES* is dead, the Senate in a ditty,
Sung in Wild Airs about the holy City;
The ill-got Lords made worſe then Indian ſlaves,
And Prieſts (like Churches) hovering o'er their Graves.
Whoſe turn is next? ſpeak you as may be free!
I dare not meddle with SUPREMACY.

5. *In February.*

Fetch Me a Ladder and a Broom, that I
May ſweep the Cobwebbs from the azur'd skie;

Diſpatch

Diſpatch the fumes that cloud the ſubtile Air,
And make the Heav'ns look Maiden-ſmooth and fair:
Elſe is that Roof too mean for thoſe that vie
With Gods themſelves for Crowns and Majeſty.

6. *In March.*

Juſtice now flows, and Righteouſneſs doth ſtream
Throughout the ſtreets; the Conduits run with Cream.
Our Virgins Lamps be full of holy Oyl,
Themſelves o'er-charg'd and ready to recoil:
Old men dream dreams, and young men viſions ſee:
Their cloven tongues are tip't with Propheſie.

7. *In April.*

Well fare Gay knacks, and men to change inclin'd;
They raiſe the duſt, and cloud the work deſign'd:
In gilded Roofs, who doubteth of deceit?
In troubled waters, who can ſee the Bait?
He that would cloſely bring great things about,
Muſt mud, as well as fiſh the Rabble-rout.

8. *In June.*

W'are all reform'd, and free as we were born,
Almoſt as naked too, much more forlorn:
The times are tyrannous, not men, for they
Have brought to paſs, what men b'aſham'd to ſay.
But (if one truth may ſlip my harmleſs Pen)
Times would be better, had we better men.

8. *In*

9. *In July.*

Sweet are the Sippets of a Diadem!
Shall Foraigners invade us, or we them?
Victors but once grown bouzy with ſucceſs,
Dream of nought elſe, but Gold and Glorioufneſs:
But we are lowly minded, and deſpiſe
All earthly ſubſtance, being heavenly-wiſe.

10. *In September.*

What fine new-nothing's this, that I eſpy,
A Sect, a Schiſme, or a Hereſie?
Or ſhall I Nick-nam't a Religion? Say!
No, 't reliſhes the ſober water-way:
Yet wants no fire to make the ſpirit beat,
Nor buckſome creatures to allay the heat.

11. *In October.*

Muſt Treaſurers account? 'tis fit they do:
(They ſhall in time make ſatisfaction too)
But thoſe (and other pious cheats we have)
Can quote us Scripture why they play the knave:
Religion is a cloak for all deceit,
And ſhrowds deſigns that be of greateſt weight.

12. *In November.*

Ho Presbyterians! Prick up your Ears,
Advance your Troops of jealousies and fears:
Summon your Elders in their several Classes,
The Covenanters, Directory-Asses:
And tell me (now, your bloud & breath's nigh spent)
Where's one dares Fight for King and Parliament?

13. *In December.*

A blessing on the Commonwealth Affairs:
(May that green Lady never know gray Hairs)
Let's on with courage, and resolve to do
Whate'er necessity compels us to.
So long as God's with us, what need we fear
Whose turn it is to reign another year?

In his Ephemeris 1655. *I find these several excellent Poems following.*

1. *Over the Feasts.*

Lo, here the sacred (Saint-offending) days,
Religion's outward worth and splendent rays:
Old truth's strong evidence, motives to zeal,
Rich badges of a Christian Commonweal:

Fair

Fair Hieroglyphicks of what we profeſs,
'Live ſhadows of eternal happineſs;
Laſting Records on earth, wherein even they
That w'ont be drawn to hearken what we ſay,
May by obſerving, only, what we do,
Read our Belief; and reading, do ſo too!

2. *Over the Table of Kings.*

Here's yet the Regal Table; who can tell
But 't may (by thus long proſtitution) ſwell?

Under the Table of Kings.

How! Tyrants all? what glory is't to be
Accounted Gods, if Gods of Tyranny?
'Tis ſtrange your conqueſts were not claim enough,
Yet ours (of one another) Goſpel-proof:
Either your Titles to the Crown were good,
Or ours (ſo myſtical) not underſtood.

3. *Over the Table of Terms.*

Away to *Weſtminſter*, and do not fear:
We will indulge ye yet another year.

Under the Table of Terms.

Go to, brave Hero's! and Abridge the Law,
[Teach (in Epitome) to Hang and Draw:]

Make

Make *Magna Charta* ſpeak us *Lilburn*-free,
That Treaſon which is writ without a T.
Correct old *Littleton*, and Print him New.
The Sword's one tenure, more, he never knew.

4. *In January.*

Rythm you whoſe meaſures charm you better luck;
I muſt be mute; my Muſe is Planet-ſtruck;
Her fancie's fetter'd, and her Ink is froze;
Complaint is made, her Pen's too broad at Noſe:
I'll to the VVoods, and find ſome Satyr out;
There's now no fellow to the Cloven-foot.

5. *In May.*

The Pole's perplexed, and the German dreads,
The horned Moon ſhould pierce the Eagle's heads:
Goths, Huns, and Vandals once had greateſt power;
The Tartars and the Turks have now much more.
If then ſucceſs be it which beſt depaints
A glorious Cauſe, Turks are the only Saints.

6. *In September.*

From th' honour of our ill-begotten Peers,
From the ſowre batch of jealouſies and fears,
From flouds of Orphans and poor VVidows tears,
From twice-ſix other over-tedious * years,
Good Lord deliver us. The Number Three
Hath always in it ſome high myſtery.

* O. Cromwel *the pretended Protector, and his pretended Parliament, had agreed together for Triennial Parliaments.*

7. *In*

7. *In December.*

Now *Falcifer*, *Gradivus* doth * oppoſe,
Then through the Virgin (Hobling backward) goes:
Hence th' waters are corrupted, Fiſhes die,
The earth is barren; a mortality
Afflicts the Land; *Mars* (*a*) rageth up and down,
Not quiet with, nor yet without a Crown.

* *There was then an oppoſition of* Saturn *and* Mars, *from* Virgo, *and* Piſces. (a) *The pretended Protectors Tyranny began now to be moſt notorious.*

In Hemeroſc. 1656. *are to be read theſe incomparable Pieces of Learning and Ingenuity.*

1. *I ſhall preſent you with his Chronologie, it being the laſt in Verſe, and the moſt compleat of all his others.*

	Years
SInce all things were of God created good	5605
Since *Noah* aſcended th' Ark t'avoid the flood	3949
Since God the Promiſe made to *Abraham*	3183
Since th' *Iſraelites* from *Egypts* bondage came	3153
Since *Solomon* the Temple finiſhed	2669
Since King *Zedekias* a Captive led	2246

Since

Since JESUS of the bleſſed Virgin born 1656
Since for Mans ſins he ſuffered death and ſcorn 1623
Since *Cæſar*'s force the Britains overthrew 1708
Since hence the Rav'nous Roman Eagle flew 1232
Since firſt the *Saxons* ſtept on Engliſh ground 1201
Since here the *Danes* the like advantage found 824
Since Norman *William* Britain over-powr'd 590
Since *Maud* the *Engliſh-Saxon* Blood reſtor'd 551
Since ſecond *Henry* Ireland firſt aſſayl'd 483
Since our firſt *Edward* hence the Jews expell'd 365
Since *Tyler*'s Highneſs would the Throne aſcended 274
Since he his life (with his Rebellion) ended 274
Since Guns (thoſe mortal engines) firſt were found 276
Since Printing made the world with books abound 213
Since Proteſtants (by *Luther*) firſt ſo nam'd 127
Since *Loiola* the Jeſuites Order fram'd 116
Since *Ket* and's followers ſeduc'd the Nation 108
Since hang'd (upon the Tree of Reformation) 108
Since Kentiſh *Wiat* roſe againſt Queen *Mary* 102
Since with *Spain*'s *Philip* ſhe did intermarry 102
Since *London* ſtreets by Coaches firſt moleſted 101
Since *Scotland* with *Geneva*-traſh infeſted 99
Since lightning laſt conſumed *Paul's* high ſpire 95
Since all the Heav'ns appeared on a fire 82
Since *Piercy* and great *Nevil's* Inſurrection 87
Since *Greſham* Colledge, and th'Exchange erection 85
Since *Drake* ſurrounded this our Globe of ſtrife 79
Since pious *Greſham* did exchange this life 77
Since *Saint Domingo* ranſack'd was by *Drake* 71
Since then the *Spaniards* did (not fight, but) quake 71
Since *Zutphen*-ſiege our famous *Sydney* ſlew 70
Since Scorch Queen *Mary* bid the world adieu 69
Since boaſting *Spain's* Armado overthrown 68
Since th'Indian Weed was firſt in *England* known 65

Since

Since daring *Drake* and noble *Hawkins* di'd 61
Since *Cheapside*-Croſs moſt richly beautifi'd 60
Since *Cales* was from the *Spaniards* ſtoutly torn 60
Since *CHARLES* the firſt, to grief & ſorrow born 56
Since Learned *JAMES* the Engliſh Crown poſſeſt 54
Since he th' Allegiance Oath upon us preſt 54
Since Fate reveal'd the Puny Powder-Plot 51
Since firſt rejoyc'd for (now regarded not) 50
Since *Fred'rick Count* arriv'd on Engliſh earth 44
Since we bewail'd Heroick *HENRY* 's death 44
Since here (laſt) *Chriſtianus* (*Denmarks* King) 42
Since *Middleton*'s River brought from *Amwel*-ſpring 42
Since we *Bermudas* firſt inhabited 42
Since Learned *Rawleigh*'s noble Blood was ſhed 38
Since laſt a Comet in the *Scorpion* ſeen 38
Since that brought death to *Ann* (our *James*'s Queen) 37
Since *Charles* with cares as well as gold was crown'd 31
Since his fair Queen firſt trod on Engliſh ground 31
Since *Londons* laſt great Plague from Heaven ſent 31
Since then at *Oxford* ſate the Parliament 31
Since *Buckinghams* great Duke ſo baſely ſlain 28
Since *England* did conclude a Peace with *Spain* 27
Since living *Charles* firſt breath'd this loathſome air 26
Since Rev'rend *LAUD* began *St. Pauls* repair 22
Since the Late King advanc'd againſt the SCOT 17
Since Peace concluded (but intended not) 17
Since Wolves and Foxes firſt were idoliz'd 16
Since Learned *Straffords* Blood was ſacrific'd 15
Since Sects and Tumults ſet the Land on fire 15
Since the dead King was forced to retire 15
Since *Hotham* ſhut *Hull*-gates againſt the King 14
Since ruined for thoughts to let him in 12
Since we with *Eſſex* vow'd to live and die 14
Since we caſhier'd him (of his Excellency) 12

Since

Since *Charles* his Royal Standard ſtreaming ſtood 14
Since *Keinton*-field deep dy'd with Engliſh blood 14
Since *Cheapſide*-Croſs (for Conſcience ſake) did fall 13
Since *Moſes* Tables forc'd to give the wall 13
Since the Scotch Army marched to our aid 13
Since they return'd from *Hereford*, well paid 13
Since *Uxbridge* Overture's initiation 12
Since *Love* belcht firebrands that conſum'd the nation 12
Since firſt we felt the vertue of a Tax 12
Since glorious *Laud* triumphed o'er the Ax 12
Since Common-Prayers ceas'd (abjured rather) 12
Since the wiſe Synod voted God the Father 12
Since *Naſeby*-field firſt own'd that fatal blow 11
Since even poor women felt the overthrow 11
Since penſive *Charles* left *Oxford* (in diſguiſe) 10
Since he to treacherous Scots became a prize 10
Since *Henderſon* receiv'd his Mortal Wounds 10
Since Scotch-men ſold their Prince for Engliſh pounds 10
Since *Holmby*-houſe reſtrain'd his further flight 10
Since *Joyce* ſurpriz'd him in the dead of night 9
Since he had terms propos'd, and promis'd right 9
Since fairly juggl'd into th' Iſle of *Wight* 9
Since there the ſinful Treaty did commence 8
Since (broken off) he forthwith hurry'd thence 8
Since the old Commons took a purging doſe 8
Since *CHARLES* made truly great and glorious 8
Since they the Houſe of Lords did uſeleſs doom 8
Since Kingſhip dangerous and burthenſome 8
Since the Supremacy was Eaſtward bound 8
Since our Allegiance bury'd under ground 8
Since *CHARLES*'s Crown expoſed to a rate 8
Since *England* hight the Title of Free-State 7
Since *Scotland* taſted of Heav'ns ireful Cup 5
Since Engliſh Hogs ate our dear Brethren up 5

Since *Mars* unrooſted thoſe had twelve years rul'd 3
Since Madmen on their Ruines 'gan to build 3
Since that illiterate Conclave's Diſſolution 3
Since this (bleſt) Governments firſt Inſtitution 3

This is added out of his Ephemer. 1655.

Since Time was pregnant of a Lord Protector 2
Since ſhe brought forth a (more then Trojan) *Hector* 2
Since *London* feaſted him at Grocers Hall 2
Since *Viner* the firſt Knight (amongſt us all) 2
Since peace concluded with the High-born Dutch 2
Since the ſhrill Trumpet nois'd it to be ſuch 2
Since Knights and Burgeſſes their free Election 2
Since winnowed, and made of one complexion 2
Since they conven'd and ſate (with bleſt intent) 2
Since they preſum'd to tune the Inſtrument 2
Since found flat-guilty of that High-Ambition 2
Since taught the meaning of a Recognition 2
Since ſome (like Rats) forſook the falling Houſe 2
Since others (big with Mountains) dropt a Mouſe 2
Since the Protector ſet their ſins before them 2
Since he diſſolved (never to reſtore) them 1
Since Noble *James* (the Duke of *Lenox*) dy'd 1
Since perjur'd *Falc'ner* wiſely ſtept aſide 1
Since *Wiltſhire*'s Inſurrection broach'd new fears 1
Since the grand ſeiſure of the Cavaliers 1

For the continuing this Ingenuous Chronologie to any time, you need but adde the elapſed years between your propoſed year, and the year 1656. and 'tis done. Examples are needleſs.

2. Over

2. *Over the Festivals.*

Why raile we not at superstitious days,
Pull Crosses down, and burn the harmless Bays?
Why do we not inhibit Common-Pray'rs,
And threaten *Bridewel* to the Cock-pit Players?
How can our tender Consciences digest
Organs and Altars, (stand they East or West?)
Plum-broth and Pies (made of Malignant-Paste)
Which erst the Godly would not dare to taste?
And plead Allegiance, now that Fatal Stroke
Hath cut the Chain, and cleft in two the Yoke?
The change is great, and may be well defended:
But 'tis enough to say, The work is ended.

2. *Over the Table of Kings.*

Yet, yet the Regal Table courts the Nation:
Kings are not out of date, though out of fashion.

3. *Under the Table of Kings.*

Two *Williams*, twice four *Henries*, *Stephens* but one;
Three *Richards*, twice three *Edwards*, and a *John*:
One *Mary*, one *Elizabeth*, a *James*, (names]
And *Charles*, [five times five Soveraigns, with ten
Who numbers more, transgresses (out of Reason:)
God save my Cow! and that (I hope)'s no Treason.

4. *Over the Table of Terms.*

The Chancery's reform'd, and ſo are we:
All things enjoy their priſtine Purity.

Under the Table of Terms.

Lawyers ('tis true) like new-ſet Milſtones grinde
Their Rough-ſhod-Clients: yet are they the wind
That drive the ſayles. Who's moſt blame-worthy then,
The Grinding Lawyers, or Litigious Men?
Sate I as Judge, the Lawyers ſhould go free,
Such Clowns on Calthrops, till they could agree.

5. *In January.*

Where our third *Edward* (that Puiſſant King!)
VVas born to conquer *France*, I rudely ſing:
VVhere * Kings have Captives been; that ſtately wall
Confines my Muſe: (for ſin Original.)
Help you that can, or have my verſe excus'd;
That Shepherd poorly Pipes, whoſe Reed is bruis'd.

* *The Author was Priſoner in* Windſor-*Caſtle, when he wrote his this years Ephemeris.*

6. *In March.*

Chronus †, the *Virgin*; *Mars*, the Bull aſcends;
And (by their Trine) aſſure us they are friends.
VVhen boiſt'rous Knaves meet and ſalute each other,
Their common phraſe is, How Devil doſt thou Brother?
The Graver ſort abhor that helliſh note;
Yet (in the fear of God) they'll cut your throat.

† Saturn *and* Mars *this moneth were in Trine Aſpect, from* Virgo *and* Taurus.

7. *In July.*

'Tis falſe to ſay Dog-days (but now) begin,
Since thrice five years have nought but Dog-days bin:
Or that in *England* * *Sirius* biteth not,
Whilſt we have ſuch deep wounds, and days ſo hot:
But *Sirius* quickly ſets (elſewhere to burn)
Then ſhall our Dog-days into HALCYON turn.

* Sirius *is the great* Dog-*ſtar which in* July *toward the latter end thereof, ariſeth coſmically with the Sun, inflaming the air; whence (from that time, toward the end of* Auguſt, *are termed)* Dog-days.

8. *In September.*

Two haughty Rebels, (yet of heav'nly race)
Invade the *Virgins* Confines: face to face
Diſpute their Title there; but finding none,
(As treſpaſſers) they haſten to be gone:
Concluding *Hermes* for the onely man
That's Heir at Law. But get it how he can.

Theſe Lines deſerve a Comment.

9. *In December.*

Thus *Windſor*'s my *Parnaſſus*, and the Jayl-
Supporting-Cole-hole, (cramm'd with *Mills*'s Ale)
My Well of *Helicon*. How ſhould my Quill
Want quickning, or my Muſe inſpired-skill?
Thanks, honeſt *Luke*: May all thy Ale and Beer
Turn Nectar; run untilted all the year!

Luke Mills *was the Tapſter in* Windſor-Caſtle, *at what time our Author was Priſoner there.*

10. *His Concluſion.*

The time's at hand, *Titan*'s indulg'd by *Jove*,
Crowned with Honours, dreſs'd in Robes of Love:
Away, ye Miſcreant Subjects of Deſpaire,
That dream on Fogs, and think 'twill ne'er be fair!
Shake off your penſive Mantles, waſh down ſorrow;
Phœbus appears, and bids the world Good Morrow!

The

The Clouds do ſcattter, and anon you'll ſee
(What ſhall I ſay ?) An ENGLISH JUBILEE!

In Kalendarium Eccleſiaſticum 1657. *we ſhall find theſe ſeveral curious Pieces of Wit and Loyalty.*

1. *Under his moveable Feaſts.*

Theſe are the Feſtivals, which every year
Change their poſition in the Kalendar:
The reſt are fixed, till the higher Pow'rs
Vouchſafe t' unfix, and vote them out adoors:
But that's to do: let's therefore yet obey
Our holy Mother, and keep Holy-day.

2. *Under the Table of Kings.*

So have I ſeen 'mongſt the Cœleſtial train
Bright ſtars ariſe, and quickly ſet again:
Other (whoſe Circles greater Arches trace)
Though ſhort in luſtre, run a longer race:
Some wondrous ſwift, ſome ſlower then the reſt;
Yet (one and all) ſtill tending to the Weſt.
Impartial Death doth no compaſſion take:
Cedars and Shrubs promiſcuous Aſhes make.

3. *Under the Table of Terms.*

The Terms commence, conclude ; and yet the ſtrife
Ends not: Contention hath a tedious life :
And (which is worſe) whoere the Conqueſt get,
Gains but a lump of drowzie after-wit.
But O revenge ! (he'll that, although he begs)
'Tis ſweeter far, then Muſcadine and Eggs.

4. *In January.*

Bi-fronted *Janus* (th' old Italian King)
Beholds the year tranſact, and entering :
Wiſdom and Prov'dence, are firm props of State ;
They ſupport Princes, and make Nations great :
Their ſuffrages ſhall now reſtrain my Pen,
And make me one of the prudential men.

5. *In February.*

Now did the ancient Romans ſacrifice
To *Pluto*, and th' infernal Deities
For their dead Fathers ſouls : Furies were then
The direful Objects of Idol'trous Men :
And 'tis a weakneſs yet (in every head)
To cringe to and indulge the thing we dread.

6. *In March.*

Rome-building *Romulus*, gave this the name,
In honour of God *Mars*, from whom he came
By *Ilia*, thus to perpetuate
The Martial Proweſs of the Roman-State:
This vanity (if ſo I may it call)
Thoſe *Heroes* had; and ſo indeed have all.

7. *In April.*

April's ſo call'd, 'cauſe the Terreſtrial Pores
Are open'd now to drink the pleaſant ſhow'rs:
Fruits, Herbs & Plants, ſprout forth their fragrant Buds,
And cloath all green, the Fertile Fields and Woods.
Flora preſents variety of Graces,
Makes Ladies hide (for ſhame) their painted Faces.

8. *In May.*

May, *à Majoribus*: and what were they?
Great *Jove* was one, who elſe I cannot ſay:
The *Pleiades* and *Hyades* ariſe,
And drench the earth with chaſte Humidities:
May, then *à Madeo*; (it ſoundeth well)
So *Friday-ſtreet*, from butter'd Mackerel.

9. *In June.*

June à Junioribus, (if so you'll ha't)
That is to say, Chuck-farthing and his Mate:
Or *à Junone*, ('save us all!) for she
Was wife to *Jove*, and just so let it be.
Some *Etymon*, are like the Knight, or worse;
Who draws his honour from his Fathers purse.

10. *In July.*

But, *Julius à Julio Cæsare*,
Romes Proto-Monarch, *Pompey*'s enemy:
Th' ingrateful Senate robb'd him not of all,
His name survives their cruelty, his fall.
Pharsalia's fresh in mind, whilst *Cæsar* here
Triumpheth thus, not once, but every year.

11. *In August.*

This Moneth *Augustus Cæsar* did begin
His Consulship, and thrice triumph'd therein:
Mare-Antony, by force of Arms subdu'd,
Brought *Egypt* to the Roman servitude.
Therefore the Senate thought it was but just
T' exchange *Sextilis Mensis* for *August*.

12. *In December.*

The Moon's obſcur'd four parts (of twelve) and more,
And ſeen (if th' air be clear) all *England* o'er:
But *Cynthia*'s Labour is, with little pain;
Her throws are eaſie; ſhe's ſoon light again.
Were men-eclipſed but reſtored thus,
We'd trouble no Jayls, nor ſhould Jayls trouble us.

13. *A Concluſion of this years Book.*

But hold! the Preſs hath overtook my Pen,
The Term's at hand, and I ſhall wander then:
My Steed is ready [the grave Pedlars Back,]
My Harbinger [his Dog,] my Inn [the Pack:]
Old *Erra Pater* (that hoof-beaten Jew)
The Shepherds Kalendar, (with all the Crew
Of merry Raſcals) my Companions are:
They deign to ſtile me Fellow-Traveller.
Then Fairs and Markets I muſt duly keep,
And (on the ſtall) make up the dirty heap
Of Penny Ware: where the diſdainful eye
Pores on me two long hours, before he buy:
Whilſt Nobler Judgements purchaſe at firſt ſight,
And ſwear (implicitely) I'm thorough Right.
Yet ſome (although they on me ſeem to doat)
Will not vouchſafe me ev'ry year a Coat;
Whoſe duller Brats I wiſh no leſs forlorn
And naked, twelve months after they are born.
Another, his *Mundungus* (with me) lights,
All, ſave three Pages, where he wiſely writes.

VVhen

When's Mare took Horſe; his Cows th'impatient (Bull;
Or, when himſelf, ſome foul laſcivious Trull.
Yet this, forbids no entries; onely I
Would not be Pander to ſuch Drudgery.
Nor do I grudge the hungry flames a whit;
For, they conſume not, they refine my Wit.
Others behinde them (in Fools Ordure) throw
My injur'd Leaves: they'll ſerve the Bible ſo.
But O th'Exchange! there, *I* endure the Rack,
Such Din is made, with *Wharton's Almanack!*
I can't but Bluſh for ſhame, when *I* do meet
My Name (like Small-Coal) cry'd in ev'ry Street.
Howbe't, *I* thereon ſet the bolder face,
Becauſe, like Fortune have, ev'n Acts of Grace.
And yet, ſome trifling ſhops provoke me moſt:
For, here and there, they nail me to a Poſt:
O cruel hands! but that my patience bears,
It well preſaging what attends their Ears.
Thus pleaſed, or diſpleaſed, I appear,
Servant or Slave, t'all intereſts, once a year.
So let me paſs: and when this Journey's over,
I'll try if better luck I can diſcover.

In Kalendarium Eccleſiaſticum 1658. *we finde theſe learned and weighty Verſes following.*

1. *Under the Table of Kings.*

Here, and not here, implies a Contradiction,
Reality (you'll ſay) oppos'd to Fiction.

I

I grant it ſo: and he that asks me, Why?
Muſt know, *I* cannot skill of things too nigh.
He a large Picture, that will judge aright,
Sets it not near him, but aloof his ſight.

Here O. Cromwels *uſurpation and Tyranny, together with his praying Pretences to Juſtice and Honeſty, are Curiouſly, though Anigmatically taxed. He would be a King in* Re, *but not in* Nomine.

2. *Under the Table of Terms.*

Peace makes a pleaſant ſound, well underſtood;
But Diſcord better, whilſt the Peace not good:
I am not of his Humour, did prefer
Th' *Unjuſteſt Peace*, before the *Juſteſt War*.
Admit one rifled, robb'd of all relief:
Muſt he needs patch a Peace up with the Thief?

3. *In January.*

If, wanting wings, one may aſcend the Skies,
And *Phœbus* view, without an Eagles eyes,
Then rouze up (Muſe) from thy Lethargique ſtrains,
And (having firſt invok'd the God of Brains)
Let the Grand ſubject of thy Meaſures be,
No ſoul to *England* like a * Monarchy.

* Monarchia, à Monos Archon, *the Rule of one Prince.*

4. *In February.*

It is the Image of that Domination,
By which *Jehovah* rules the whole Creation:
Angels nor Saints, do in his Kingdom ſhare;
God is ſole Monarch; they but ſubjects are.
Whoſe Laws are ſuch, as when they did rebel,
Sequeſtred not, but ſent 'em ſtraight to hell.

5. *In March.*

As Old as that Paternal Soveraignty,
God plac'd in *Adam*, rul'd his people by;
Diſown'd of none, but them whoſe minds aſpire,
And envy One ſhould have what all deſire:
For be't a few or many we live under,
Such ſhall repine, ſtill, whilſt not of the number.

6. *In April.*

The Antients did a Monarchy prefer,
Made all their Gods ſubmit to *Jupiter*:
And (when Affairs and Nations firſt began)
Princes Decrees were th' onely Laws of Man:
Experience will avow it, where there's any,
One honeſt man is ſooner found then many.

7. *In May.*

The rational ſoul performs a Princes part,
She Rules the body, by Monarchick Art:
Poor Cranes and ſilly Bees (with ſhivering wings)
Obſerve their Leaders, and obey their Kings.
Nature her ſelf diſdains a crowded Throne;
The Body's monſtrous, hath more Heads then one.

8. *In June.*

A Monarchy's that Politick ſimple State,
Conſiſts in unity (inſeparate,
Pure and entire;) A Government that ſtands
When others fall, touch'd but with Levelling hands:
So natural, and with ſuch skill endu'd,
It makes one body of a multitude.

9. *In July.*

In order (wherein latter things depend
On former, that's moſt perfect doth attend
On unity: but this can never be
The Pop'lar State) nor Ariſtocracy:
For, where or all or many bear the ſway,
Such order to confuſion leads the way.

10. *In August.*

A Monarchy more quickly doth attain
The End propos'd: for, 'tis the ſingle Brain
That ripens Counſel, and concealeth beſt
Princely Deſigns, till Deeds proclaim 'em bleſt.
Whilſt numerous Heads are rarely of one Mind;
Slow in their Motion; louder then the Wind.

11. *In September.*

Treaſon, nor Force, ſo ſuddainly divides
Th'United ſtrength that in a Crown reſides:
Sedition proſpers not; it ſeldom here
Reſults an Object of the Prince's fear.
Than when an Empire, *Rome* was ne'er more ſtrong,
Nor triumph'd under other Rule ſo long.

12. *In October.*

A Monarchy abates thoſe fev'riſh fits
Of Emulation, a Free-State begets:
A Prince cannot his Reins ſo quickly ſlack,
Or throw his Burthen on another's Back.
But where ſo many Rulers have command,
The work's transfer'd, and toſs'd from hand to hand.

13. *In*

13. *In November.*

The People or the Nobles, to debate
The deep Concernments of a troubled-State,
Set times and places have assign'd them: they
First meet, and then adjourn from day to day.
Whereas a Monarch, who by Nature's One,
Deliberates always, never's off his Throne.

14. *In December.*

But hold! Methinks I see the three Estates
Conven'd, thrown open prison-doors and grates,
Extinct our paltry Jealousies and Fears,
Grace offered to all but Cavaliers
And Papists: yet with patience they abound,
In hope for better, now, the wheel goes round.

15. *The Conclusion.*

Thus trace we Time, and (in our several Spheres)
Slightly pass over ne'er-returning years:
Thus States and Kingdoms to a Period draw;
Their Politicks must yeild to Natures Law.
Thus Kings and Beggars are Companions made,
Shake hands, and knock the Scepter 'gainst the Spade:
Thus Courts and Cottages become one Roof,
And Carts and Chariots meet without reproof:

Thus all the Greatneſs Mortals do contend
And Damne their Souls for, ſlideth to *An End.*

In Kalendarium Eccleſiaſticum, 1659. *theſe following Pithy and Prophetique Verſes are to be found.*

1. *On the Moons Eclipſe in April.*

Now have amongſt ye, you that ſtand
On ſlippery ground, or build on ſand.
Seditious Spirits play their pranks,
Inundations break the Banks:
Rumours of Wars about us fly,
(Thrice happy Man, dares bravely die)
Inteſtine Tumults, taken Towns,
Beſieged Cities, Princes frowns
Aſtoniſh Us. But I'll to plough,
And never minde what Mad-men do.
Mavors and *Hermes* bear the ſway:
May He, deſerves it, have the day.

In the Month April 1659. *the Rump appear, and put a Period to the Raign of* Richard Cromwel, *and indeed extirpate that Family, whoſe Honour was onely built upon a ſandy Foundation.*

2. *In*

2. *On the Moons Eclipſe in October.*

Quick work and crafty! (He that ſways
In this Defect, brooks no Delays:)
Beware of Pyrates, High-way Thieves,
Dull Hereſies, and Hanging-Sleeves:
Of ſcarcity and dearth of Grain,
VVith uncouth Griefs 'mongſt Cattle reign:
Tempeſtuous VVinds, Quotidian Fevers,
Ptiſicks, and Prieſts that cock their Bevers:
Debates, that into queſtion call
The Peoples Laws; ev'n God's and all.
For Stilbon, onely, hath command,
And him alone I underſtand.

On October 6. *Parliament, Council of State, and Officers of the Army, were feaſted at* Grocers-hall *by the City. The* 12 *the Parliament vote* Lambert *and other Officers Commiſſions from them.* 13. *They turn the Parliament out of doors for it.* 26. *The (pretended) Committee of Safety erected. Quere, Was not this* quick work and crafty? &c.

3. *On the* Suns *Eclipſe in* November.

VVhat noiſe is this? methinks I hear
Some dread *Heroe*, drawing near.
A buſie Clergie belching fire;
Some Prince depos'd, and in the mire.
I ſee (by th' light of one fair Star)
VVhole Nations going out to war:
Riſings, Arraignments, ſudden death
And Ruine, ruſhing on the earth:
The Rivers leſſen'd, Fountains dry;
VVaters corrupt, good Subjects die:
For *Mars* is rampant; and what hand
Can turn the Edge of *Burlybrand?*

Lord General Monck, *beholding the Confuſions of* England, *marches*

 hither

hither to put a ſtop to them. The King of Sweden ſhortly after died; which this Learned Artiſt muſt needs mean, by this Eclipſe of the Sun.

4. *Under the Regal Table.*

Sacred's the name of King, and full of ſplendour,
Famous the Title of the *Faiths Defender:*
Yet (when on ſuch the Rabble fix'd their ſpleen)
Who had regard to Faith, to King or Queen?
But now, (ſuch Comments on the Text they make)
All Mortals muſt ſubmit for Conſcience ſake.

5. *Under the Table of Terms.*

Thanks, buſie-Term-time! thou bring'ſt work to do
For Judge, for Council, and Attorney too:
But ſhould'ſt thou end, and never more Commence,
Lawyers would loſe their moſt voluptuous ſence:
The knotty Laws (which now ſo dear we buy)
Be rated like Biſhops Divinity.

6. *Under the Tide-Table.*

The Sea hath fits, much like this giddy age;
Sometimes ſhe pines, anon, ſhe ſwells with rage,
And makes a rupture, where ſhe overflows
The Fertile Banks, yet never further goes
(Without a Miracle) then Natures bounds:
Or if we think ſhe do, 'tis where ſome Towns
Encroach upon her intereſt: For, ſhe
Is full as conſtant, far more juſt then we.

7. I

7. *In January.*

All hail (my Maſters !) I muſt now implore
Your Ticket, for a twelve moneths recreation :
I know no Plot *, (ſave that, which keeps us poor)
And this of mine, to gain your approbation.
All my deſignes lurk in theſe Rural ſtrains ;
My Guts conſpire, indeed, but not my Brains.

* *The Author was ſuſpected privy to, and guilty of, the Plot, in which the Reverend Dr.* Hewyt, *&c. miſcarried.*

8. *In February.*

I honour all that have a Soveraign Pow'r,
Extol their Proweſs (be it more or leſs)
Admire them growing in a golden ſhowre ;
Obſerve (but point not at) their vain exceſs.
The Suns defects ſeen in a line direct,
Hurt th' eyes, not when in water they reflect.

9. *In March.*

I pray for Kings, and think't a pious Deed :
Good Princes very well deſerve our pray'rs !
But thereof bad ones ſtand the moſt in need ;
For ſuch (be ſure !) do ſtand on ſlippery ſtairs,
And (like to Iron) generate the ruſt,
From their own ſubſtance, turns 'em into duſt.

10. *In April.*

I'm hugely taken with the Golden Train,
(Thoſe lofty ſtars which glide along this Sphere!)
Yet Greatneſs, without Goodneſs, I diſdain;
A ſpungie head full ill becomes a Peer:
Perſons of honour ſhould have Princely parts,
No empty Cock-lofts, or deceitful hearts.

When the Florida *Ambaſſador was in* London, *Col.* Pride *being once at dinner with him, inſtead of propounding a queſtion like a Statiſt, asked him,* Whether there were not good vent for Beer and Ale in *Florida? whence our Author ſaith,* A Spungie head, *&c.*

11. *In May.*

I reverence Juſtice (on the meaneſt ſeat)
She was a vertue once, though now a wonder:
I like ſweet words (intended not to cheat)
And works of Mercy, not too far aſunder:
But cruelty! how that would make me ſwagger,
Were it not common, both to Sword and Dagger.

12. *In June.*

I love the Miniſtry, all but the name,
(That Motly and promiſcuous Appellation:)
Which mingleth Dung-hill Dirt, with *Auſtin*'s Fame,
(With holy Writ, pretended Revelation)
Give me the Prieſt diſdains to tell a Lye;
That Prieſt, who dare for his Religion die.

13. In

13. *In July.*

I like the Comm'nalty (that Sov'raign Pow'r)
Whilſt not to Faction, or Revenge diſpos'd:
But Commons over-ſtinted, or too ſowre,
Are beſt improved, when they are inclos'd.
VVho gives a Giddy-Multitude the Reins,
O'erwhelms the State, betrays his want of Brains.

14. *In Auguſt.*

I own the Camp, where Gallantry commands,
VVhere Arts and Arms, advance their awful Creſts;
But wiſh the Cramp befall ſuch Victors hands,
As cannot conquer their ambitious Breſts.
Succeſs enlarges Mens deſires; nay, more,
It breeds ſome thoughts, they dream'd not on before.

15. *In September.*

I hug the Souldier, dreads no violent end,
(For ſtouteſt men, ſuch fortune often have:)
It is the cauſe, (not mode) of death, ſhall ſend
Us glorious, or inglorious, to the Grave.
He who'll avoid a ſhameful death, muſt run
The danger of a brave one; and 'tis done.

16. *In October.*

I fancie well, our great Metropolis,
She harbours ſtore of Men and ſtore of Riches:
There is no ſounding of that vaſt Abyſs;
What wonder then, if *London* weare the Breeches?
Yet muſt this Darling, now and then, untruſs;
Correction keeps her moſt Obſequious.

17. *In November.*

But O the Country, free from jarring-ſtrife,
(Where Plants and Flow'rs abound with Eloquence;
Where ev'ry Hedge and Tree doth breathe new Life,
Where pratling Birds, do captivate my ſenſe:)
There I (ſequeſtred from the world) abide,
And (if needs muſt) there I'll be crucifi'd.

18. *In December.*

Thus (in an humour purely innocent)
I add one year more, to a careful Age:
No more of this, till freed from my Reſtraint:
I cannot chant (like Birds) within a Cage.
Yet know! I have (although my aim's not high)
Seleucus-like, an Anchor on my thigh.

19. *His Concluſion.*

Thus have our melting eyes, *England* beheld
With ſmooth-fac'd Peace, and wanton Plenty ſwell'd
Into a Monſter; ſo unweildly grown,
Her own vaſt weight, depreſs'd her Princely Crown:
A brutiſh War tore Church and State aſunder,
Fool'd us with fears, fill'd all the world with wonder.
The faireſt Stars, loſing their ſacred light,
And chearful day turn'd into drowzie night:
Th' Antipodes (true Mirrour of the Cauſe!)
Reacted through three Nations, with applauſe:
But *EXIT OLIVER*, whilſt yet we lend
Our Patience, till the PLAY * be at an end.

* *It was the ſaddeſt and moſt diſmal Tragedy that ever was acted in* England.

Laſtly, In Kalendarium Eccleſiaſticum 1660. *We meet with theſe ſeveral excellent and true Verſes: And although they be freſh in each Man's Memory, the Year being but newly begun; yet, they being the works of the ſame Author, I adjudge it convenient to inſert them here, they being not moſt unworthy the company of the reſt.*

1. *Under the Regal Table.*

Where's now the *Sultan?* What remorſleſs Star
Remov'd that famous Idol, *Olivar?*

Un-

Unwelcome Death. But what flint-hearted Fate,
That Muſhrom-Prince, his Son? Our glorious State,
Thus then we ſee what luck Protectors have;
A reſtleſs Life, or ignominious Grave.

2. *Under the Table of Terms.*

Lo! here's a Trade ſurpaſſeth all the reſt,
No change annoys the Lawyers intereſt:
His Tongue buys Lands, builds Houſes without toyl;
The Pen's his Plough, the Parchment is his Soil:
Him, ſtorms diſturb not, nor Militia-Bands;
The Tree roots beſt, that in the weather ſtands.

3. *In January.*

And is He * gone indeed? then farewel He;
Farewel to all our New Nobility:
Good-night Illuſtriouſneſs: adieu old *Joan*;
The Kitchen better fits you, then a throne:
Lay 'ſide your Purple, and your Robes off caſt:
Play'rs are but Princes, while the Play † doth laſt.

* Oliver Cromwel.

† *The Play that prevented* Englands *happineſs, is now moſt happily ended.*

4.

4. *In February.*

About, my Muſe, and try if thou can'ſt find
What pow'rful Charm, rais'd that prodigious * wind:
Some diſ-affected Conjurer (I trow)
Did long to hear what News there was below:
But others think, the Devil was matched ſo,
His breath grew ſhort, and ſo was forc'd to blow.

* *At the death of* Oliver Cromwel, *there was a moſt prodigious Wind; the like hath ſeldome been known in* England.

5. *In March.*

But where be thoſe fine Juglers, did Addreſs
Such ſugred Phraſe, ſuch ſmooth Obſequiouſneſs:
That vow'd to live and die, with *Richard*, yet
Ne'er blemiſht, when they ſaw his glory ſet?
Such Hypocrites, run with the ſtream of things,
And will keep Time, whatever Dance begins.

Moſt Countries in England *ſent up Addreſſes to* Richard Cromwel; *with as much zeal, as if he had been the moſt lawful and undoubted Heir to the Government of* England.

6. *In April.*

O for a Beſom now, to ſweep the Houſe,
And rid the Palace, both of Fox and Gooſe!
Some choice Perfumes withal, would be deſign'd,
(Ill Spirits ever leave ill ſents behind)
And when 'tis cleanſed, and things ſweeter grown,
Great *Berecynthia*'s Sons, go claim your own.

It is obſervable, that the Parliament this moneth give order to warn all Lodgers out of Whitehal, *that it might be prepared the better for his Royal Majeſties uſe.*

7. *In*

7. *In May.*

What's to be done, now, all are grown ſo wiſe,
And our fore-Fathers wiſdom, counted Lies?
Were all the many Ages, that are paſt,
Miſtaken, until this un-erring Laſt?
Good God! how ſped they? ſhall none ſaved be,
But Schiſmaticks? Then what becomes of me?

8. *In June.*

But 'tis the mode: Come, come, let's all comply;
There's no firm footing on integrity:
For, having ſaid, and done all what we can,
The Pliant Willow, is the precious Man:
Whoſe Oaths, of one day, (though of fair pretext)
Vail to an inſpiration, of the next.

9. *In July.*

Down then with Tythes, they are a burthen great,
For which the Parſon never ſoundly ſweat:
Yet let's remember (maugre all new light)
He that detains them, robs God of his right.
And though to him the tenth we ſhould not pay,
The Publicans will ſweep it all away.

10. *In Auguſt.*

Let's lay the Clergy by : what need we Prieſts
Or Miniſters ? w'are all Evangeliſts :
The Bible's Engliſh, (thank the Biſhops for't:)
The Spirit's in us, why not we exhort?
Yet let's beware, before we farther boaſt,
And think who 'twas receiv'd the Holy-Ghoſt.

11. *In September.*

Let's ſell the Church and Colledge-Lands: Away
With humane Learning ; (that's but for a day :)
Down with the Steeple-houſes, melt the Bells,
And own no Metal, but what's in our ſelves.
But ſtay, firſt let us learned *Spelman* read,
And then (perhaps) we may abhor the deed.

12. *In October.*

Let's tear our Ribbons, burn our Richer Laces,
VVear Ruſſet, and contrive bewitched faces :
With Thee and Thou, let us go quack a while,
And cheat the world, in Quakers garb and ſtile.
But do not truſt 'em, more then well befits ;
Th' are Presbyterians run beſides their wits.

13.

13. *In November.*

Or were they not, yet fool not over-fast;
For this Religion too shall flag at last:
Naylor himself will never for it burn,
Nor let us use't but for our present turn.
On such sad Mummers, grace will not be had,
Much longer, then the multitude are mad.

14. *In December.*

But now th' Apostates are restor'd their wits,
And Plots and Plotters crumbled all to bits;
A blessed Reformation will (I hope)
At last succeed, in spite of Turk and Pope:
Till when, and always, let's observe the Laws,
And truly celebrate, *The Good Old Cause.*

Which Good Old Cause, *England is now again* (*by Gods especial Providence*) *blessed with*; *to the great satisfaction and rejoycing of the inhabitants thereof*; *who, by reason of their sufferings in our late twenty years Confusion, cannot but give their joy the greater Latitude, at this so happy, and* (*by many, almost*) *unexpected Revolution of Government*; viz. *of turning from* Anarchy, *to the most natural of all other Governments,* MONARCHY.

There

There are divers other curious Fancies of this learned Author; but they being more Aſtrological then any that are here mentioned, and not very eaſily underſtood without a large Comment, (except by perſons skilled in that Science) is the grand reaſon why the Collector hath omitted their Publication.

Multa renaſcentur, que jam cecidêre, cadentq;
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore, vocabula, ſi volet uſus;
Quem pones arbitrium eſt, & vis, & norma loquendi.

Horat. de Art. Poet.

FINIS.